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DEVOTED TO AGRICULTURE, TEMPERANCE, SCIENCE, AND EDUCATION.

VOLUME XI., NO 19 MONTREAL & NEW YORK, MAY 15, 1876 SINGLE COPY 30 CTS. per Ann. Post Paid

NOTICE

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RICHARD S STORRS, D D

Richard S Storrs, D D, is the son of the late Dr Storrs, of Braintree, Mass., who died a few years since at the advanced age of ninety-four years, and who for over sixty years was pastor of the Congregational Church of Braintree Dr. Richard S Storrs comes from the great Puritan stock of New England. His academic education was completed a Monson, Mass., his collegiate at Amherst, and theological at Andover For over a quarter of a century Dr. Storrs has occupied the pulpit of the Puritan Church, Brooklyn His congregation is considered one of the most influential in the State. The edifice is beautifully adorned with rich gilding and striking colors, very much in the Alhambra style. The order of service comprises chants and anthems by a trained choir, while hymns are most beautifully sung by the whole congregation In Bible-reading the congregation read alternate verses with the pastor, and all unite in the Lord's Prayer. Dr. Storrs occupies a prominent position in the Congregational Church, and has long stood in the front rank of the Christian ministry of America for culture, eloquence and influence As a platform speaker he is among the best in the United States. His preaching, though not sensational, is earnest, clear and eloquent in style, scholarly and dignified. His whole energies are devoted to the Christian work with which he is identified, as a pastor he is greatly beloved, and as a public man exerts a commanding influence.

RICHARD S. STORRS, D. D.

THE RECTOR'S CALL.

"Good morning, Mrs Minty" observed the Rector, as the door opened to his knock.

The door seemed to have a surly way with it, and opened scarcely wide enough to let the Rector in, although Mrs Minty invited him to enter, and brushing some invisible dust from a chair with her apron, asked him to sit down.

The Rector saw at a glance that Mrs. Minty was not pleased, but he could not surmise what was the matter. He had accidentally heard that day of the sickness of her daughter, and at the first opportunity had called to see the young girl. Not seeming to notice the mother's manner, he said "I hear that Miss Maria is sick."

"Yes" and she might have died for all she seem of you" replied Mrs. Minty with an energy that almost shook the good Rector out of his seat. The Rector was a meek man, and overlooking the rudeness of her reply, he asked

"How long has she been sick?"

"Two weeks, and over," said the mother

"Have you had a physician?" enquired the Rector.

"Had a physician. What a question! Why the girl has been almost dead I wonder you got here before she was dead! Had a physician!" These last words Mrs Minty nearly ground out between her teeth, such an suppressed storm.

It now became evident that Mrs Minty on each day of her daughter's sickness, and the Rector's delay in calling, had added to her wrath, and it had now reached a degree of intensity that suggested strategy or flight. The Rector resolved to try the former first.

"Ah you have had a physician" he observed. "How did it happen to call?"

"How did he happen to call? Well, did any one ever hear such a question as that?"

"Perhaps some one told him Miss Maria was sick, or, perhaps he was passing and dropped in," interjected the Rector

"Do you suppose I'd let my own daughter be sick in the house and not send for the doctor" fairly screeched Mrs Minty.

"Oh, you sent for him" said the Rector

"Do you think he'd come if we didn't send for him? How'd he know Maria was sick replied the mother looking at the Rector as though she pitied his stupidity.

"Do you always send for the physician when you want him" asked the Rector with provoking mildness.

"Well, I declare" exclaimed Mrs. Minty. "What do you ask such a question as that for?"

"I did not know," said the Rector, "but that as you expected the clergyman to find out as best he could that your daughter was sick, without sending for him, you might do the same with the physician."

Something had gradually been dawning upon Mrs. Minty's mind, which the last words of the Rector, uttered with inimitable good-nature, resolved into a full intellectual surprise. Her severe face relaxed into a broad smile. "Oh, I see! I see!" she exclaimed. "I thought there was mighty queer questions. Well I had ought to have sent for you too, seeing as how I sent for the doctor." And you didn't know Maria was sick?"

"No," observed the Rector, "If I had I should certainly have called before this. I accidently heard of her illness this morning for the first time."

"Well, really, I hope you'll excuse me Step this way, Maria's in the back room, she'll be all sorts of glad to see you" *S. Union Times.*

EASY TIMES

There is one simple rule that will always convert hard times into easy times Never buy what you have not money to pay for. This does not necessarily imply that you must always buy for cash. It is often more convenient to keep an open account. But it does mean that your savings-bank account must always keep a little ahead of your baker's, and grocer's, and butcher's Most of us keep it a little behind, many of us a great way behind.

Any industrious, sober man, with a regular vocation and a home, can easily get credit. The temptation is strong to use it. He will have money next month, he can pay them. So we go on trading on our expectations of the future, and spending our money before we earn it. This makes easy times hard when the whole community does it the times are hard for us all And that is the trouble now We have been discounting on the future Now our paper is coming back on us faster than we like to take it up.

There are two ways of adjusting our purchases one is to buy what we need; the other is to buy what we now have the means to pay for. There are no limits to need, there are very narrow limits to payment. He who buys what he needs is in perpetual debt, he who buys what he can pay for, lives in sunshine. It is better to wear your own shabby coat than your tailor's glossy one, to walk on your own legs than to ride in a beggar's carriage, to eat a rump steak that you have paid for, than to eat a tenderloin and owe for it.

Thrift is only another name for self-denial Whatever your income is, you can always have plenty of money if you will only resolutely refuse to spend money till after you have received it *—N. Y. Christian Weekly*

A ROYAL JOKE.

One does not think of Frederick the Great primarily as a joker. His life was anything but humorous, and was the cause of more tears than smiles. But Frederick loved a joke, especially if there was a spice of maliciousness in it. His whole intercourse with Voltaire was a great comedy,—a burlesque of friendship and literary patronage. On one occasion Voltaire requested the privilege of reading a new poem to him. Frederick was delighted, and named an hour when he would graciously listen to the latest production of the great French genius. At the appointed time Voltaire appeared, manuscript in hand, and read the poem. The king had meantime secreted behind a screen in the same room a man of a wonderful memory, who had the gift of repeating any composition, however lengthy, to which he had once listened. When Voltaire had concluded his recital Frederick expressed great admiration, but declared he had heard the poem before. The poet was indignant, repelling the charge of plagiarism with great warmth. The king, however, insisted that the poem was by no means of recent origin, and said there was a man in his Court who could repeat it from beginning to end. He sent for the man who had been concealed behind the screen and who had listened to the reading, and requested him to repeat a certain poem, quoting the first lines. The man instantly, and to the great astonishment of Voltaire, repeated the poem word for word. The indignation of the poet, when he discovered the trick, may be more easily imagined than described

TWO FRIENDS.

It seems that in London some months ago, a poor dog, having been pelted with sticks and stones by cruel boys, until his flesh was bruised and his leg fractured, limped into a stable In one of the stalls was an intelligent young horse, he seemed touched at the distress of the dog, and, looking down, inspected the broken leg. Then, with his fore-feet, he pushed some straw into a corner of the stall, and made a bed for the dog The dog lay down there and slept all night, and the horse took good care not to hurt him When some bran mash, which formed a part of his food, was brought to the horse, he gently caught the dog by the neck, and with his teeth lifted him into the trough, as much as to say, "There, help yourself, eat as much as you want!" For weeks the two friends fed together, and the invalid grew strong. At night, the horse arranged a soft bed for the dog, and encircled him with one of his fore-feet, showing the utmost carefulness. Such kindness might all be copied by the human race *—Dumb Animals*

Temperance Department.

GATHER THEM IN.

Gather them in, gather them in,
From the haunts of vice and dens of sin,
From the gilded saloon, the gambler's home,
From groggeries low, the drunkard's doom.

Gather them in, gather them in,
Each heart though steeped in rum and sin,
The image of his Maker bears,
Though furrowed deep with woes and cares.

Gather them in, gather them in,
Though wretched, they have souls to win;
Back to that life they've scorned to prize,
The path of the virtuous and the wise.

Gather them in, gather them in,
Pledged to the right they'll then begin,
Within the fold to ever strive,
To lead an honest life and thrive.

Gather them in, gather them in,
From scenes of revelry and din;
Too long we've turned our deafened ears,
To orphans' woes and widows' tears.

C. H. TAYLOR.

THE STREET OF HELL.

In 1870 there were in the United States 140,000 licensed liquor saloons. If formed into a street with saloons on each side, allowing 20 feet to each saloon, they would make a street 265 miles long. Let us imagine them brought together into such a street, and let us suppose that the moderate drinkers and their families are marching into it at the upper end. Go with me if you have the nerve and patience, and stand at the lower end, and let us see what that street turns out in one year.

What army is this that comes marching down the street in solid column, five abreast, extending 570 miles? It is the army of 6,000,000 men and women who daily and constantly go to the saloons for intoxicating drinks as a beverage. Marching 20 miles a day, it will take them more than 28 days to go by.

Now they are gone, and close in their rear comes another army, marching five abreast, and 60 miles in length. In it there are 630,000 confirmed drunkards. They are men and women who have lost control of their appetites, who are in the regular habit of getting drunk and making beasts of themselves. Marching two abreast, the army is 150 miles long. Scan them closely. There are grey-headed men and fair-haired boys. There are, alas! many women in that army sunk to deeper depths than the men, because of the greater heights from which they fell. It will take them seven days to go by.

It is a sad and sickening sight. But do not turn away yet, for here comes another army of 108,000 criminals—from jails, and prisons, and penitentiaries they come. At the head of the army comes a long line of persons whose hands are smeared with human blood; with ropes round their necks, they are on the way to the gallows. Others are going to prison for life. Every crime known to our laws has been committed by these persons while they were under the influence of drink.

But, hark! whence comes those yells, and who are those, bound with strong chains and guarded by strong men, that go raging by? They are raving maniacs, made such by drink. Their eyes are tormented with awful sights, and their ears ring with horrid sounds. Slimy reptiles crawl over their bodies, and fiends from hell torment them before their time. They are gone now, and we breathe more freely.

But what gloom is this that pervades the air, and what is that long line of black coming slowly down the street? It is the line of funeral processions. 10,000 who have died the drunkard's death are being carried to their graves. Drunkards do not have many friends to mourn their loss, and we can put 30 of their funeral processions into a mile. We have thus a procession 3,333 miles long. It will take a good share of the year for them to pass, for funeral processions move slowly. Yes, most of them do, but every now and then an uncoffined corpse in a rough cart is driven by, and we hear the brutal driver sing,

"Quick, rattle his bones, rattle his bones over the stones,
He's only a pauper, whom nobody owns."

Look into the coffins as they go by. See the dead drunkards. Some died of *delirium tremens*, and the lines of terror are still plainly marked on their faces. Some froze to death by the roadside, too drunk to reach their homes. Some stumbled from the wharf and were drowned. Some wandered into the woods and died, and rotted on the surface of the earth. Some blew their own brains out. Some were fearfully stabbed in drunken brawls. Some were roasted alive in burning buildings. Some were crushed to shapeless masses under the cars. They died in various ways; but strong drink killed them all; and on their tombstones, if they have any, may be fitly inscribed, "He died a drunkard's death."

Close behind them comes another long line of funeral processions; we know not how many, but they are more numerously attended by mourning friends. They contain the remains of those who have met death through the carelessness and the cruelty of drunken men. Some died of broken hearts. Some were foully murdered. Some were burnt to death in buildings set on fire by drunken men. Some were horribly mangled on the railroad because of drunken engineers or flagmen. Some were blown up on a steamboat because a drunken captain ran a race with a rival boat.

But here comes another army—the children, innocent ones, upon whom has been visited the iniquities of their fathers. How many are there? 200,000! Marching two abreast, they extend up the street 30 miles. Each one must bear through life the stigma of being a drunkard's child. They are reduced to poverty, want and beggary. They live in ignorance and vice.

Some of the children are moaning with hunger, and some are shivering with the cold, for they have not enough rags to keep them warm. A large number of them are idiots, made such before they were born by brutal drunken fathers. And, worse than all the rest, many of them have inherited a love for liquor, and are growing up to take the places and do the deeds of their fathers. They will fill up the ranks of the awful army of drunkards that moves in unbroken columns down to death.

It has taken nearly a year for the street to empty itself of its year's work. And close in the rear comes the vanguard of next year's supply. And if this is what liquor does in one year, what must be the results in all the world through the long centuries!

Thus far we have listened to the stories that the figures tell. But they cannot tell all; they give only the outline of the terrible tragedy that is going on around us. They cannot picture to us the wretched squalor of a drunkard's home. They cannot tell us how many unkind and cruel words strong drink has caused otherwise kind and tender-hearted husbands and fathers to utter to their dear ones. They cannot tell us how many heavy blows have fallen from the drunkard's hand upon those whom it was his duty to love and cherish and protect. They cannot tell us how many fond expectations and bright hopes, which the young fair bride had of the future, have been blasted and turned to bitterest gall. They cannot number the long weary hours of night during which she has anxiously awaited and yet fearfully dreaded, the heavy foot-fall at the door.

Figures cannot tell us how many scalding tears the wives of drunkards have shed, nor how many prayers of bitter anguish and cries of agony God has heard them utter. They cannot tell us how many mothers have worn out body and soul in providing the necessities of life for children whom a drunken father has left destitute. They cannot tell us how many mothers' hearts have broken with grief as they saw a darling son become a drunkard. They cannot tell us how many white hairs have gone down in sorrow to the grave, mourning over drunken children. They cannot tell us how many hard fought battles the drunkard, in his sober moments, has fought with the terrible appetite; how many times he has walked his room in despair, tempted to commit suicide because he could not conquer the demon. And finally, we cannot search the records of the other world, and tell how many souls have been shut out from that holy place where no drunkards enter, and banished to the regions of eternal despair, by the demon of drink.

What man, what woman, what child would not vote to have that whole street, with its awful traffic in the infernal stuff, sunk to the lowest depths of perdition, and covered ten thousand fathoms deep under the curses of the universe?—*Selected.*

THE VICE PRESIDENT ON TEMPERANCE.

Mr. Ferry, Vice President of the United States, at a recent meeting of the Congressional Temperance Society, is said by a Washington paper to have delivered an able lecture. In a forcible manner he depicted the evils of intemperance, arguing that the love of strong drink was not innate, but acquired. "Strong drink," said the eloquent speaker, "enters homes unbidden and mercilessly strikes down its victims. How can you best combat the monster, strong drink? By frowning upon every recognition that is given to the pernicious habit. Duty forces you to place your influence on the side of temperance. Behold the sad sight which is daily beheld in this and other American cities. While thousands are crying for bread, millions of money are expended to decorate and beautify the shoddy bar-room and drinking-saloon. There are one thousand drinking hells in the city of Washington alone. But the men who ply their wretched avocations could not thrive for a day unless there was a demand for their death-dealing potations. I am sorry to know that in this beautiful city of Washington, the pride of the American nation, there are those at receptions and elsewhere who persist in violating the Scriptural command, which forbids us to put the bottle to our neighbor's mouth. Young men should spurn, as they would a pestilence, the festive board where the wine cup flows. 'Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging, and whoever is deceived thereby is not wise.' I know what it is to be tempted, to avoid looking upon the wine-cup when it is red; and all that I am or ever hope to be I attribute to utter and total abstinence from the tempter, drink." The speaker then referred to the statistics of the nation, showing that there were one hundred and fifty thousand grog-shops in the country. "How much good the amount of money thus expended would accomplish were it only used in educating the masses, or feeding and clothing the multitude of widows and orphans of the Republic!" Mr. Ferry closed his address by admonishing his hearers, especially the ladies, to work untiringly to educate the youth of the country up to a higher degree of morality; to see to it that their homes are made attractive and inviting, so that young men will find in them all that the heart yearns after, when there will be no disposition to seek pastime and recreation at the soul-destroying bar-room of the gilded grog-shop.

BENJ. WHITWORTH, Esq., M. P., ON FOREIGN COMPETITION.—I am connected with concerns in this country employing forty-five thousand men, and paying something like £4,000,000 every year in wages. I will just give you the result of Sunday's drinking in one of those concerns. We pay £10,000 a week, and employ between seven and eight thousand. We never commence work on Monday because we find the men do not come in sufficient numbers to make it worth our while to get up the steam to turn the machinery. Now I have calculated very minutely what the cost of that is to that concern. It is £35,000 a year of a loss—equal to 4 per cent. on the capital employed. I want to know how long this country can stand such a drain as that? We are competing with the whole world, and I say that with a weight like that we should not long be able to compete with her. I happened to be travelling the other night in the underground railway from the House of Commons, when several members of Parliament were in the compartment, and this question of wages and short hours came up. Mr. Laing, the Chairman of the London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway, said: "We have had tenders for fish-plates (of which a large number are used for railways), and we have had an offer from Belgium at 15*s.* a ton less than any English manufacturer could supply them at." I think that fact, at any rate, should turn the attention of commercial men to the cause of that very great difference in the production and cost of materials, and I say that if we can only do away with a considerable portion of the liquor traffic—not to say the whole of it—we shall add immensely to the prosperity of the country.—*From a Speech delivered in Exeter Hall, June 17th, 1875.*

THE CHURCH AND TEMPERANCE.—To many of our readers it may seem a strange fact, and it is a fact of much significance, that in upwards of 1,000 parishes within the province of Canterbury there is neither a beerhouse nor a public-house. Here, therefore, the question of the practical effects of the absence of temptation is tested upon a large scale. The result is interesting and conclusive. One clergyman, so situated, reports as follows:—"I am happy to say that there is no habitual drunkard. The absence of the temptation of a beer-shop most largely contributes to this state of things." Another says:—"There being no public-house or beer-shop in this parish it is a cause of unmitigated good, in so far as it removes temptation to some distance." A third says:—"There is no public-house or beer-shop, I am glad to be able to say, in this parish. Of this the good is great. The inconvenience, if any, in comparison exceedingly small. It promotes, almost ensures, sobriety and temperance. . . . The constable's office is a sinecure, and a drunken man a very rare sight." A fourth says:—"The public-house was done away with some eleven years ago, shortly before I became incumbent. I am assured that when there was a public-house it was the occasion of much intemperance, of much riot and disorder, and of much poverty and distress." These are only a few samples from two hundred and forty-three published in the report referred to, and given by the clergymen in whose parishes there are no beer-shops or public-houses, who all bear similar testimony. This ought surely, therefore, to form an excellent ground and warrant for some decided legislation, in so far as the mere number of licensed houses is concerned.—*Rock.*

COME AND GET DRUNK.—The drunkard, though subject to everybody's scorn, and doomed to bear the inflictions of the law, can't do half the harm of those who are only about half-gone. It is when men are stimulated beyond nature's tension that they do the most evil; and there is so great a difference betwixt one man and another, that the same number of glasses that lays one in the gutter, another can carry and appear all right. But there is both inside drunkenness, and outside drunkenness, gross drunkenness, genteel drunkenness, and concealed drunkenness; and nearly all who boast of "never being drunk in their lives," have felt and disguised their inside inebriation many a time. And it is a question whether the moral evil arising from vulgar drunkenness is not less than from that condition known as being "worse for liquor." So far as example goes, there is no doubt of it. Nobody lies down in the place where the drunken man is found, but multitudes are ever trying to imitate the moderate calculating cunning drinkers—the men who simulate sobriety, and yet are internally intoxicated. Few indeed intend to get drunk, or will own to it; no one ever says to his companion, "Come, Jack, let us go to the Black Bear and get drunk." The advocates of moderate drinking should weigh these matters well, for in truth all the drunkenness we have is simply the *natural*, the *unavoidable* fruits of that system of drinking which they countenance and help to make respectable. At the door of the moderate drinkers, it is not uncharitable or exceeding the truth to lay the crime, misery, death, and destruction which the drinking system produces.

WHAT A JUDGE SAID.—At a meeting of the church temperance committee in Lowell, Mass., to protest against liquor licenses, Judge Crosby made the following pertinent remarks: "Thirty-five men could deluge our city with rum and misery and absorb the profits. Enforcing a license law by prosecutions is the veriest nonsense. A poor woman, who is not able to pay for a license, endeavors to support her children by selling a few glasses of liquor clandestinely. The city marshal gets proof and demands a warrant. She is tried, proved guilty, and I—against every natural instinct of justice—am obliged to condemn her, while the rich man close beside her, by the payment of a few paltry dollars which he never misses, is allowed to ride and riot amid the horrible ruins which he creates. Perhaps the aldermen think that by increasing the license fees, they shall diminish the number of licenses. Undoubtedly they will; but cutting down the number of sellers will not diminish the amount sold. It is perfectly vain to talk about licensing in the interest of temperance."—*Vox Populi.*

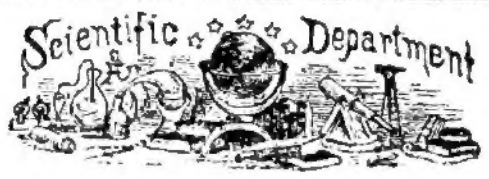
A HAPPY TOWN.—No liquor is sold at Vineland, N. J., a town of 10,000 people, and the account stands thus: Almost nothing paid for relief of the poor; one indictment for a trifling case of battery during the year; one house burned in a year; yearly police expenses, $75. There is a New England town, with 9,500 inhabitants, with 40 liquor shops, and it kept busy a police judge, city marshal, assistant marshal, four night watchmen, and six policemen. It cost over $3,000 a year for a fire department; support of poor, $2,500; debt of the township, $120,000." In one of our Canadian towns of similar size will be found nearly as many saloons, hotels, and liquor shops, with abundance of crime and a costly police department.

PROHIBITION IN NOVA SCOTIA.—The *Staffordshire Sentinel* states that the Rev. Charles Nicklin, of Berwick, Nova Scotia, writing home, says: "Berwick is in King's County, which is about forty miles in length by twenty in width, and in the whole of the district there is not one licensed house. There are those who sell liquors, but they are liable to a heavy fine. We have no police, no gaol or workhouse, and I have not seen a drunken man since I came to the place."

— An old adage says that figures don't lie Here are some facts, official statements, showing how, under different laws, the imprisonments have been. In the years 1869, 1873, 1875, under the city government elected by the rum power, and in the years 1870, 1871, 1872, 1874, under the city government elected by the temperance party:—

LICENSE.		PROHIBITION.	
1869	270	1870	141
1873	228	1871	130
1875	470	1872 (Beer Law)	249
	968	1874	207
			727
Average	322	Average	182

Without giving any more figures, this shows that license law has caused nearly twice as many imprisonments in three years of license to four years prohibition, including one year free beer.—*Cor. Boston Temperance Album*



HOW TO BREATHE PROPERLY.

Most people breathe properly, often more by accident or instinct than by design; but, on the other hand, hundreds of thousands do not breathe properly, while many thousands at this present moment are suffering from more or less severe affections of the lungs or throat, owing to a faulty mode of respiration—in other words, because they breathe through the mouth instead of through the nostrils. The mouth has its own functions to perform in connection with eating, drinking, and speaking; and the nostrils have theirs, viz., smelling and breathing. In summer-time the error of respiring through the mouth is not so evident as at the present season, when it is undoubtedly fraught with danger to the person who commits this mistake. If any one breathes through the natural channel, the nostrils, the air, passing over the mucous membrane lining the various chambers of the nose, becomes warmed to the temperature of the body before reaching the lungs; but if he takes in air between the lips and through the mouth, the cold air comes in contact with the delicate lining membrane of the throat and lungs, and gives rise to a local chill, frequently ending in inflammation. Many persons, without knowing the reason why they are benefited, wear respirators over their mouth in winter, if they happen to go out of doors. By doing this they diminish the amount of air which enters between the lips, and virtually compel themselves to breathe through the nostrils. But they could attain just the same result by keeping the lips closed, a habit which is easily acquired, and conduces to the proper and natural way of breathing.

We believe that if people would only adopt this simple habit—in other words, if they would take for their rule in breathing, "Shut your mouth!" there would be an immense diminution in the two classes of affections, viz., those of the lungs and throat, which count many thousands of victims in this country in the course of a single year. Man is the only animal which has acquired the pernicious and often fatal habit of breathing through the mouth. It commences in childhood, and becomes confirmed in adult life, often engendering consumption, chronic bronchitis, relaxed sore throat, or some other disease of the lungs or throat which is set down usually to a different cause altogether. In concluding this short article, we venture to ask our readers to judge for themselves. When they step out in the morning into the fresh, but cold air, let them try the difference of feeling arising from the two modes of breathing—through the nostrils and between the lips. In the former case they will find that they can breathe easily and freely, yet with comfort, while the fresh air, warmed to the temperature of the body by its contact with the nasal mucous membrane, is agreeable to the lungs; in the other case, if they draw in a few inspirations between the parted lips, the cold air, rushing in direct to the lungs, creates a feeling of coldness and discomfort, and an attack of coughing often comes on.—*Ill. Christian Weekly.*

THE TRAVELS OF PLANTS.

Alexander brought rice from Persia to the Mediterranean, the Arabs carried it to Egypt, the Moors to Spain, Spaniards to America. Lucullus brought the cherry-tree (which takes its name from Cerasus, the city of Pontus, where he found it,) to Rome, as a trophy of his Mithridatic campaign; and 120 years later, or in A. D. 46, as Pliny tells us, it was carried to England. Cæsar is said to have given barley to both Germany and Britain. According to Strabo, wheat came originally from the banks of the Indus, but it had reached the Mediterranean before the dawn of authentic history. Both barley and wheat came to the New World with its conquerors and colonists, and the maize which they found here soon went to Europe in exchange. It was known in England in less than fifty years after the discovery of America; it was introduced to the Mediterranean countries, by way of Spain, at the end of the sixteenth century, and the Venetians soon carried it to the Levant. Later it travelled up the Danube to Hungary, and gradually spread eastward to China. While it was thus invading the regions formerly devoted to rice, the latter, as we have said, was establishing itself in this country.

The sugar-cane, which, with its sweet product, was known to the Greeks and Romans only as a curiosity, seems to have been cultivated in India and China from the earliest times. Its introduction into Europe was one of the results of the Crusades, and thence it was transplanted to Madeira, and early in the sixteenth century from that island to the West Indies. The original home of "King Cotton" was probably in Persia or India, though it is also mentioned in the early annals of Egypt, and had spread throughout Africa in very ancient times.

The potato was found in Peru and Chili by the first explorers of those countries, who soon carried it to Spain. It is said to have reached Burgundy in 1560, and Italy about the same time. It appears to have been brought from Virginia to Ireland by Hawkins, a slave-trader, in 1565; and to England in 1585 by Drake, who presented some tubers to Gerard, who planted them in his garden in London and described the plant in his *Herball;* and it was also introduced by Raleigh at about the same date. But it was slow to attract attention, and it was not till nearly a century later that it began to be much cultivated. In 1663 the Royal Society published rules for its culture, and from that time it rapidly gained favor. The Dutch carried it to the Cape of Good Hope in 1600, and thence it made its way to India.—*Journal of Chemistry.*

Seats in Shops.—A correspondent of *Public Opinion* writes: I am glad public attention has at length been called to the crying evil of compelling young girls in shops to stand from eight to ten hours without sitting down, or even, in any way, being permitted to rest themselves. In many shops, such as confectioners, public-houses, and others, the assistants are provided with seats, and, when not waiting upon customers, are permitted to sit down; but at the large drapers, not only are they not allowed to sit down, but if they are found resting themselves against the counter they are heavily fined. At a large draper's near the Euston Road any girl found resting herself thus is fined one shilling for each offence, and I believe this system of fines is general in the drapery trade. Indeed, one large house in the neighborhood of Westbournia I am told, pays its servants out of the fines mulcted from the girls and men in the shop. For the truth of the foregoing statements you have only to ask any of the girls themselves, and you will get ample confirmation of what I say. As the *Lancet* remarks: "The practice is unquestionably a frequent cause of physical weakness of a serious character." Unquestionably! Why I know girls who are compelled to wear trusses, and others who are seriously affected, solely by being compelled to stand so many hours. I could say more, but this, perhaps, is enough for the present. Pray, sir, use your powerful influence to do away with such a barbarous system, and thus rescue many a young girl from an early grave. I am sir, yours obediently,

Seats in Shops.

Patent Medicines Containing Poisonous Drugs.—It is quite clear that some steps must be taken to check the sale of patent medicines which contain poisonous drugs. It is now an almost every-day occurrence to read of an infant killed by an overdose of some soothing mixture, or of an adult poisoned by the use of some patent sedative. Patent medicines claim to possess all kinds of wonderful properties; they are in fact, "heal alls," and so long as the world goes round there will be thousands of people who will put faith in such mixtures. While they contain no injurious ingredients no one need object to their being vended; but when we find that narcotics are largely employed in the manufacture of many of these medicines, and are sold under high-sounding names, it is time ignorant people were protected against them, the more especially as the fact that such medicines cannot be sold without bearing the Government stamp is in itself calculated to inspire confidence in the public, who naturally consider that the State would not thus pointedly legalize the sale of dangerous drugs. In the interests of the public, and for their own credit, it behoves the legislature to take action in the matter, or we shall continue to have to account for a large and unnecessary waste of human life. Why not make it needful (asks the *Observer* as in France, for every patented medicine to have its composition registered, so that the profession, at least, may know of what it consists?

The Excessive Use of Medicine.—It would be utterly impossible to tell how many constitutions have been impaired, how many digestions ruined, how many complexions spoiled, and how many purses emptied, through medicine. What is that you say—that a stitch in time saves nine, and that the right medicine quickly taken averts danger? Very likely. I quite believe all that. But in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, where is the danger? and what is the emergency of the case? Medicine is often the precursor of after misery; and the poor constitution has to pay dearly for its medicinal fillip. The wiser philosophy of the present day is gradually delivering us from these potent perils. Nature has a self-righting power within her; there is a kind of vis-medicatrix in the physical frame. Treat the body kindly; let as much pure air as possible get to the lungs, and as much fresh water as possible be applied to the flesh, and as much healthy exercise as duty permits be given to the muscles, and as early resting and early rising as circumstances allow be afforded for the recruitment of the brain, and then medicine will be a very voidable affair.—*From "The Quiver."*

Exercise for Consumptives.—The *Herald of Health* answers the question, What form of exercise is best for consumptives? "Riding on horseback will probably suit most cases best. Rowing on quiet waters with an easy-going boat is also very excellent. Swinging is very good, too; as when the body is supported by the hands it raises the shoulders up, gives more room to the lungs, and more air is absorbed. Hunting and fishing are good. Gymnastic exercises with light dumb-bells, wands, clubs, and rings are all good if wisely used—bad if improperly used. Walking is good, but not so good as the other exercises."

The Steam Horse.—An ingenious Californian has invented a new method of employing steam as the motive power of street cars. The task which he proposed to himself in making this invention was a simple one, inasmuch as he did not intend to do away with railway tracks, nor to change the pattern of the street cars now in use. What he tried to do was to devise a locomotive which would not frighten horses, and he fancies that he has fully accomplished his purpose by building a locomotive in what he regards as the likeness of a horse.

Lime in Preserving Wood.—A French railway contractor announces a method of treating planks, posts, ties, &c., that greatly enhances their value. He piles the lumber in a tank, and then covers thickly with quick-lime. Water is slowly added till the lime is slacked. In about a week the wood becomes impregnated, and is ready for use. Timber prepared in this way has been used in mines and other exposed constructions with good results.

—Dr. Goulden, in the London *Lancet*, directs attention to the great value of chloride of lead as a deodorizer. He prepares it by dissolving half a drachm of nitrate of lead in a pint or more of boiling water, and pouring the solution into a bucket of water in which two drachms of chloride of sodium have been dissolved. When the sediment has subsided, the clear supernatant fluid is a saturated solution of chloride of lead. Dr. Goulden says that a cloth dipped in this solution, and hung up in a room, will instantly sweeten a fetid atmosphere; or, if the solution be thrown down a sink, water-closet, or drain, or over a heap of dung or refuse, a like result will ensue. In this way he disinfected a house in which a drain had burst, some stables, and also a large ship. In the last case the bilge water was exceedingly offensive. He merely dissolved half an ounce of nitrate of lead in a bucket of boiling fresh water, and had it thrown down the bilge when the ship was rolling slightly. The effect was the instant disappearance of all smell.

—In the city of Edinburgh the modern conveniences, as bath-rooms, sinks, &c., communicating with the sewer, have been tried and found wanting. In the older part of the city the houses are not provided with these improvements; while those in the newer quarters have them. In the older parts sewage is removed by carts; and the houses are crowded close together, the streets being narrow; yet the inhabitants are less troubled with typhoid fever and other diseases produced by filth, than those of the streets which have sewers. The fact is demonstrated by several years of close observation; and it suggests that our modern improvements need to be improved. They take away the sewage of our dwellings; but they admit to our homes the gases of the sewer, which steal through all our cunning contrivances of pipes and traps, to taint the air we breathe. Many in this country and in Europe are studying the best means of alleviating the new danger; and it is hoped that governments will oblige builders to adopt such measures as may be necessary to avoid it.

—Every little while some one dies from the effects of poison taken accidentally, by mistaking the bottle. It seems needful that some measures should be adopted that would make such mistakes impossible. A Paris medical journal recommends that there be a law compelling pharmacists to sell poisons only in black bottles. A better suggestion is made in the *United States Pharmacopœia*, that poisons be dispensed only in three-sided bottles, so blown as to be rough on one side, and thus easily distinguishable in the dark.

—As long as we are in the flesh we shall be subject to the laws which God has established for its government. Neither in the church nor elsewhere, neither on the Sabbath nor on any other day, are we exempt from the poisonous and depressing influence of bad air if we breathe it. Its tendency is to promote stupidity; and the Creator works no miracle in favor of His people when they break the ordinances which He has established in nature.—*Watchman.*

DOMESTIC.

—For improved sandwiches, boil a few pounds of ham, and chop it very fine while it is yet warm—fat and lean together—rub dry mustard in proportions to suit your taste through the mass; add as much sweet butter as would go to the spreading your sandwiches, and when thoroughly mixed, split light biscuit in halves and spread the ham between. These can be eaten without trouble, and will be found excellent.

—To preserve smoked meats, take ground black pepper, the finer the better; wash all mold or soil off from the hams or beef, and while they are damp rub them thoroughly with the pepper. Two pounds of pepper will keep thirty pounds of meat free from flies or insects of all kinds. After being thus treated in can remain in the smoke-house or wood-house, and not a fly will approach it. It also improves the flavor of the meat.

—The best remedy we have tried for rats is cats. I had rather keep a half dozen cats than that number of rats. Once we thought we could not endure a cat on the premises, but when the rats ran everywhere, through the buildings, into the garden, chicken and goslin coops, and would face a person with such an insulting look, we caved in. We keep three (one is eight years old) the year through; at times there are more. What we cannot give away we allow a free ride when old enough to take care of themselves. A cat should not be fed any meat; give plenty of milk, some potatoes, crumbs of bread, &c. Rats for the past ten years have been few and far between; the cats stand as sentinels and take them soon after making their appearance on the farm.—*Cor. N. Y. Tribune.*

Scalloped Veal.—Chop cold cooked veal fine, put a layer in a baking dish alternating with a layer of powdered crackers, salt, pepper and butter, until you fill the dish. Beat up two eggs, add a pint of milk, pour it over the veal and crackers. Cover with a plate and bake half an hour. Remove the plate and let the top brown.

Apples Surprised.—Peel, core, and slice about five nice cooking apples; sprinkle the slices with a spoonful of flour, one of grated bread, and a little sugar; have some fat quite hot in a small stewpan, put the slices in it, and fry to a light yellow. When all are done, take a piece of butter the size of a walnut, a good spoonful of grated bread, a spoonful of sugar, and a teacupful of milk; put into the pan, and when they boil up throw in the apple slices. Hold the whole over the fire for two minutes, when it will be ready to serve.

To Make Boots Durable.—The durability of soles of boots may be greatly increased by coating them with gum copal varnish, which also has the effect of making them water-proof. Four or five coats should be given, allowing each coat of varnish to dry before the succeeding one is applied. Soles thus treated possess twice the usual durability, and generally outlast the best uppers. The leather uppers of boots or shoes may be rendered soft and water-proof by rubbing into them, while warm, before the fire, a mixture composed of four ounces of hog's fat and one ounce of resin.

Salt Fish.—To be used to advantage must be soaked the afternoon previous to using, the water changed before bedtime, and again early in the morning. Once more change the water after breakfast, put it on the back of the range or stove and never allow it to boil, scarcely simmer until you find it soft enough to pick apart very fine with a fork. It must not be chopped but carefully picked; it takes more time but is the only right way. For codfish cakes have the potatoes nicely mashed with milk and a little butter, proportion of one cup of fish to three of potatoes, a little pepper, red or black. Dip in egg or not, as you prefer, before frying brown. To be made in cakes not too thick.—*N. Y. Times.*

Hash Dressing.—A teacupful and a half of boiling water must be poured into a sauce-pan; mix a heaping tea-spoonful of flour, with a table-spoonful of cold water, stir it in and boil three minutes. Then add two teaspoonfuls of salt, a small half teaspoonful of pepper, and butter the size of an egg. After removing all tough gristly pieces from the cold cooked meat, chop it fine with some boiled potatoes. (We use Starrett's patent meat chopper.) Put them in the dressing and let them heat through, then serve. It injures cooked meat to cook it again, making it hard and unpalatable. Should you have any cold gravy left use it; in that case you will require less butter, salt and pepper. You can serve it with buttered toast underneath, or you may set it into the oven to brown on top, or drop eggs into a skillet of boiling salt water, and when cooked place on top of the hash.

Meat Pie is made in the same manner, only leaving out the chopped potatoes; put the hash in a baking dish, and cover over with mashed potatoes, after they have been mixed with salt, butter and cream; bake for fifteen minutes.

MISS GREENE'S PRESENT.

CHAPTER I.

"She *is* a brick!" exclaimed Duncan Wells, as he watched a carriage drive off from the hall-door, and waved his hand to a lady who was sitting in it. "This sovereign is exactly what I wanted. I have saved up my tips for a whole year, but they have come in awfully slow, and till now I hadn't got enough."

"Enough for what?" asked Katie, his youngest sister.

"Don't you know, Kate," said Frank, "that Duncan has set his heart on a watch in Keller's window, with a ticket on it, 'Price three pounds fifteen shillings?'"

"Three pounds fifteen shillings!" cried Clara, a young lady just set free from the schoolroom, and having a very high opinion of herself. "Just as if anybody could get a watch worth having for three pounds fifteen shillings!"

"I think you will be throwing away your savings and Miss Greene's tip if you buy a rubbishing watch."

"I don't see why you should think it is rubbishing," said Duncan. "Stone, the gardener, showed me one he got at Keller's which has gone capitally, and he didn't give as much for his."

"What are you going to do with your sovereign, Frank?" said Kate. "I can't tell anybody what I am going to do with mine"

THE BOYS ON THE SEA-SHORE.

This reserve on Kate's part was, perhaps, rather unnecessary, as all the family knew that every penny she could scrape together was being put by for presents, to be sent out to her father and mother, who were in India. The first thought that came into her mind was that Miss Greene's present would help to send something to the baby sister also, whom she has never seen.

"You needn't tell us, Kate. We know what your craze is," said Clara. "For my part, I don't suppose father and mother want presents. If we write to them by every mail they are satisfied."

Duncan was still throwing up the sovereign and catching it.

"She might as well have made it one pound five shillings," he said, after a bit.

"Why just now you thought one pound very handsome, and now you are beginning to want more!" said Frank.

"Well because she changed a five-pound note this morning. I know that, because I took it to Graves's and brought her the change; and five shillings more each would just have made up the sum, and it would have been very useful"

"Most likely she wanted the change for her ticket, and all sorts of things. I think it really is a shame not to be satisfied," said Kate.

"So do I," echoed Frank. "I know I am. I feel as jolly as a sandboy."

These four young people were children of an Indian officer, and had been for some years inmates of a vicarage on the south-west coast of England. Mr. and Mrs. Graham had also some children of their own, and the two families were growing up together. The boys only came to Wanborough for their holidays, but the girls were educated there by a governess; and Clara, the eldest, was looking forward to going out to India in a few months. They had some few relations in England, and also some friends of their father's and mother's families. Among these last was the Miss Greene, who from time to time came to see them, and who on this occasion had, as we have seen, given each of them "a tip" as they called it. Kate was quite right in thinking she might want her change. She was not at all rich, and for a long time she had been contriving to spare the gift for her friends' children. In giving it she begged them to spend it usefully; but the joy of receiving it somewhat dulled their sense of what she was saying, and they would willingly have promised any impossible thing at such a supreme moment.

"Come along, Frank, let's get out," said Duncan, and the two boys ran to get their hats. At the same moment Arthur Graham, a boy of seven, came out of another room and begged to go with them, as usual. It was a great delight to the little Grahams when these elder brothers, as they seemed to be, came home.

"No, Arthur, you can't come, we are busy," said Duncan.

"Oh, Duncan!" said Frank, "why mayn't he come? I have not got anything to do, and I don't believe you have."

"All right! you needn't believe it: so you can take Arthur for a walk, and I'll go down into the town."

"You won't go to Keller's to-day, shall you?" said Frank, who was divided between fear and admiration of his brother's brave project of settling his own affairs without any advice from Mr. Graham.

Duncan gave a look at Arthur, to show Frank that he had no intention of taking him into his confidence; and then putting his hands into his pockets, and whistling with an air of satisfaction, he walked off in the direction of the town.

"Come along then, Arthur," said Frank; "we'll go down to the sea. It is much jollier among the crabs and seaweed than in the town among the shops."

"Much jollier!" said Arthur. "And I'll show you such a beautiful anemone, Frank. I know exactly where he is sticking, and it's such a clear little pool."

"Then you've been bullying him, Arthur? Confess, now. Didn't you stir him up?"

"Well, I did—just a little. But I didn't hurt him. I am sure of that."

Very soon the two boys were lost in the delight of the rocks and pools of the sea-shore. The wind and the tide were rising to

and when they were tired of poking up the crabs and anemones, and catching shrimps in their hands, they sat down and watched the great waves breaking all along the shore The coast was a dangerous one, and the boys were never tired of hearing the wonderful tales of shipwreck and danger which the sailors were never tired of telling.

Only last winter a schooner had gone to pieces on the very rock the boys were watching, and the captain and his wife had been drowned, and buried in Wanborough churchyard. And Duncan especially had looked upon it as a very serious grievance that the wreck took place a week before he came home, and that, therefore, he was deprived of the sight of it.

CHAPTER II

"It is a terrific night!" said Mr. Graham, looking into the sitting room, as he passed through the hall to take off his dripping coat. "The children are all here I hope?"

"Yes, all," replied his wife; "and the tea is only waiting for you."

"I hoped it was ready," he said, "for I must go out again in a few minutes."

"What can he be going out again for?" asked Arthur.

"It is Saturday night, too, said Clara. "He hardly ever goes out on a Saturday night."

"Some case of sickness, perhaps," said Mrs. Graham. "I only hope it is not far off."

"I am sure I shouldn't go if it was," said Duncan. "I wouldn't be a clergyman, I know, to be sent for all over the parish just like — —" And there he stopped.

"Just like what, Duncan?" asked Mrs. Graham.

"I was going to say, just like a servant; but of course it isn't quite that, because a servant must go where he is sent, and Mr. Graham can do as he likes."

"You need not have stopped yourself, my boy," said Mrs. Graham; "a clergyman is a servant, and he must go where his Master sends him They are all very anxious to know why you must go out again," she added, as Mr Graham came back and took his place

"There is a vessel on the White Rock," he replied, "and there seems to be some doubt whether our life-boat men can be got together One or two are away, and I said I would be down on the shore in twenty minutes, to see if it would be necessary to telegraph to Newport for more hands. In the meantime they are getting her ready."

"A ship on the rocks! Oh, how jolly!" cried Frank.

"Frank, my boy, what are you saying? A ship-wreck is a most awful thing!" said Mr. Graham.

Frank was greatly ashamed of his remark, and Duncan was glad that he had not expressed the same sentiment, though he fully shared it. All thoughts were centred on the great event of the probable shipwreck, and from time to time one and another started up to pull aside the shutters and look out into the thick darkness The driving rain on the window-panes and the howling wind shut out all other sounds from the ears which were strained to catch the sound of guns and signals of distress.

"Do let me go, Mr Graham," cried both the boys at once, as the Vicar got up from his hasty meal "We really won't get in the way, and we should so like to go."

A few moments before Mr. Graham would have most decidedly refused the request, but the remark of Frank, showing how little he realized the awfulness of the position of a ship on the White Rock, decided him to allow the boys to accompany him, if only for a short time. The rain was less violent, and from time to time the wind drove the clouds away from the face of the moon, and allowed her to shine fitfully over the raging sea.

In few moments they were equipped, and little Arthur saw them start with longing eyes. He would have liked to make one of the party. As it was he went off to a bedroom which overlooked the sea, and sat there picturing to himself the White Rock and the ship, and peering into the darkness. Very soon he was joined by Kate. Clara was above showing any excitement or curiosity, and sat with Mrs. Graham, doing fancy needlework like a well-conducted young lady.

"Can you see anything, Arthur?" said Kate.

"Oh, lots! Do come here, and we'll watch together."

"I don't see anything at all," said Kate: "what do you mean by 'lots?'"

"Well, there's the lighthouse; you can see that, anyhow; and I really believe I see a light dancing about on the waves. That's either the ship or the life-boat."

"There isn't a light at all!" said Kate, after vainly peering about in the darkness.

"What do you call that, then?" cried the boy, as a rocket with its trail of light went flying over the sea, and made the children grasp each other's hands and utter a cry of surprise.

But that was all they saw. The wind howled and whistled more and more wildly, and the servants had hunted them out, and brought them from their regions of romance and danger to the commonplace realities of tubs and soap and water.

In the meantime Mr. Graham, with a boy clinging to him on either side, was struggling down to the shore against the force of the wind, which prevented any of them from speaking a word till they were within shelter of the boat-house. The preparations were just completed, and the missing men were at their posts.

"Just off, sir!" shouted the men, as they ran the lifeboat down on her carriage, and braced themselves for their fearful struggle.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

MR. GRAHAM AND THE BOYS RUNNING DOWN TO THE SHORE.

The Family Circle.

HYMN.

Oft when dark, foreboding fears
Cast their shadows on to-morrow;
When my eyes are dimmed with tears
And my heart is filled with sorrow,
Jesus comes and whispers peace;
Jesus brings a sweet release.

CHORUS.—Glory be to God above,
All is peace and joy and love;
Grief no longer shades my brow
I am happy, happy now.

Oh, my Father's watchful care
Leading me through pastures vernal;
Balmy sweets perfume the air,
Foretastes of the bliss eternal;
Raptures fill my longing soul,
Pressing onward to the goal.
Glory, &c.

S MOORE.

JANET MASON'S TROUBLES.

(From the Sunday Magazine.)

CHAPTER VIII.—*(Continued)*

"N—no, not very," said Janet, not quite knowing how to reconcile truth with courtesy.

"Well, I daresay it won't keep you from sleeping, at any rate—will it?"

"Oh no, I don't think it will," said Janet.

And indeed it did not; for the truth was that, in spite of the hardness of her couch, the poor little girl went to sleep a great deal faster than she had either expected or wished to do. She lay awake listening for a little while, then she thought to herself, "I'll say my prayers. I can't kneel down to say them, because, if I were to move, Tabby would hear me; but perhaps God will forgive me for not kneeling just this one night;" and so she folded her hands and said her prayers, and after she had said them she lay still for a little, thinking and listening; and then, while she still thought that she was wide awake, her eyes began to close, and she fell into a sound sleep, and never knew anything more till the morning light came in and fell upon her face.

She woke up then with a strange, bewildered feeling. She was lying in her corner, with no covering upon her except her own clothes, and there was a sound in the room—perhaps it was that that had aroused her—of low, angry talking. For a few moments she lay listening to it, confusedly and dreamily, as we often listen to things when we are half awake, and then suddenly she came sobered where she was, and that one of the voices that was speaking was Tabby's. She was talking in a hard, defiant way. Janet could not hear the words, but she could very well hear the tone, and could guess what was going on well enough. "She is quarrelling with her mother about me," the poor child thought, and got hot and ashamed and miserable as she lay, not daring to move.

But, if Tabby and her mother were quarrelling, the quarrel did not last long. The talkers were in bed while it was being carried on. At the end of a few minutes the voices ceased, and Tabby sprang up and came with a skip and jump to the corner where Janet lay.

"I say, I've made it all right," she exclaimed. "Mother don't mind your stopping for a bit if you don't give no bother to her. I've told her you won't give no bother. There, ain't I done it neat? Come, get up and say something for yourself, can't you?" And Tabby unceremoniously caught Janet by the arm, and gave her a tug.

Admonished in this way, Janet accordingly got up; but though it was easy to go upon her feet, yet she did not quite know how to comply with the rest of Tabby's request; for she was a shy child, and not good at talking to strangers, especially to strangers like this poor mother of Tabby, who lay in her bed looking at the child with such hard, bold, unabashed no eyes, that Janet shrank instinctively from their gaze, as she would have shrunk from something unclean. As she stood silent, however, the woman herself addressed her:

"Well, so you've come here by French leave, it seems," she said, in a loud, thick voice. "D'you know what French leave means? If you don't, I'll tell you. It means coming to a place as don't want you, and taking what don't yours. But other people can play at that game as well as you. Come here, and let's see what you've got on." And she stretched out a dirty hand from the bedclothes, and pulled Janet towards her as—pushed from behind by Tabby—the child unwillingly advanced. "That ain't a bad frock," she said quickly, "nor a bad petticoat neither. Let's look at your boots. H'm—they might be better; but any way they're too good for every day use. You'll have to take 'em off, my dear. We're very careful here over our clothes," she said, and gave a laugh that somehow—though she did not understand it—made Janet shrink.

"Mother keeps mine so careful that I never sees 'em at all," said Tabby. "She keeps 'em at her uncle's. He's such a safe man! When you sends anything to him, it's just as safe as if it was in the Bank o' England." And Tabby winked at Janet as she spoke; but Janet, happily for her, had no more notion than a baby what Tabby meant.

"Now, then, take off them things," said the woman sharply. "You ain't going into the street looking like that, you know. Take 'em off, and give 'em here. You'll have to wear some of Tabby's clothes, and very thankful you may be to get 'em. Come, strip, and look sharp about it."

What could Janet do? She gave one terrified look at the coarse face before her, and then with nervous, hurried fingers she began to unhook her frock. One after another she took off her neat little garments, and one after another, as she stripped them off, Tabby seized them and pitched them on the bed. In a very few minutes she had given up every article of her own clothing, and in place of it had received from Tabby a dirty ragged frock and petticoat, and a pair of boots that had scarcely enough likeness to boots left in them to stay upon her feet.

"There, now you're set up!" said Tabby cheerfully, when this business was concluded; "and very neat and complete you looks," she added, standing back to contemplate the general effect of Janet's new attire. "Now just you wait a bit till I'm ready too. Don't you mind nothing about your clothes. Mother'll look after them. They're safe as anything with her, and if they, mother?" said Tabby, with a chuckle.

She began rapidly to dress herself, and in a very few moments her brief toilette was completed. The woman had rolled up Janet's clothes into a bundle and put them under the bedclothes, and had turned herself round to the wall. She did not speak to the children again, nor take any further notice of them.

"There's a pump down-stairs if you'd like to wash yourself," said Tabby presently.

"Oh, is there?" cried Janet eagerly, shuddering in her dirty clothes.

"Yes, it's out in the yard. I goes there sometimes. It ain't bad to get a good sluice now and then."

"I should like to wash myself very much," said Janet.

"Well, you can go and do it. I'll come and show you the place. You mustn't be long about it though, you know," said Tabby, and led the way down-stairs, and introduced Janet into a little square, paved yard. Here they found the pump, and here Janet did such washing as she could without the help of soap or towel. And then side by side the two children sallied out into the street.

"We've got a sixpence still, you know," said Tabby, in a whisper, as they left the house behind them. "I didn't tell mother," and she gave a chuckle. "We'll go and get a stunning breakfast, and then, I say, we'll have a bit of fun. Shall us?" she said, looking with her sharp bright eyes into her companion's face.

"I—I don't know," answered Janet faintly, not knowing what else to say.

CHAPTER IX.

A hundred times during this day, and during the days that followed this one, the thought came to Janet's mind that she would run away, and try to make her escape from this dreadful new life that she had stumbled into. She would run away, she thought, for it was too terrible to bear. And yet the days went on and she did not run away. Perhaps she had not courage enough to try to do it; perhaps she would have failed in accomplishing it, however much courage she had had. For, whether it was by accident or design, Tabby never left her to herself. She stuck by her all day long; wherever she herself went, there she took Janet; wherever Janet desired to go, there she would accompany her. One or two feeble efforts to escape poor Janet made, but they ended in nothing almost in the same moment that they began. And even if it had not been so, even if she had tried to run away and had succeeded, what would have been the good of it, for what could she have done next? She asked herself this again and again, and the question was so hopeless that she could never answer it.

But what a sad, strange life it was! They used to turn out in the early mornings and go wandering in the streets, prowling about, like animals, in search of food. It was not often that Tabby was so lucky as to have sixpence in her pocket, as she had had on the first morning that they were together, or even anything like sixpence, with which to begin the day's campaign. Most often she had not a penny, nor so much as a crust of bread, and they could not break their fast till somebody gave a penny to them, or till Tabby, by doubtful means of her own, contrived to provide them with either money or food.

By very doubtful means indeed she did this sometimes; by such doubtful means that poor little Janet, knowing how their meal was procured, would often feel as if the bread she ate must choke her; and yet, when she was penniless, and starving, and friendless, what could she do but eat it?

"You can turn your head away if you don't like to look, and then what do you know about it?" Tabby would say, as bold as brass, and would go about her small thieveries with a coolness as much at ease as if she had been a young savage feeding herself with roots in the backwoods; but Janet could not turn away her head, and manage in that way to think that all was right. She might turn away her head, and even run out of Tabby's sight; but that did not prevent her, when Tabby came back triumphantly with some bit of property in her possession which did not lawfully belong to her, from feeling that she was so miserable and ashamed that she almost wished she was dead.

Sometimes, when she was in the humor for it, Tabby would argue the matter with her.

"There ain't no harm in taking what you can get," she would say. "Why, there can't be, you know. Ain't we got to get food somehow? Mother won't get get it for us (catch her bothering herself!), and if she won't we must. There ain't no question about it! If you lives in the streets, you must take what you can."

"But couldn't we do anything else than live in the streets?" Janet pitiously asked one day. "It seems such a dreadful thing to do. Do you think there isn't any work that we could get?"

"Work!" echoed Tabby, opening her great eyes. "Well, I never! Catch me working!"

"But you wouldn't mind it if you could get money by it?" said Janet.

"I gets money without it," replied Tabby, with a knowing wink. "What a game—to think of me a-working! Why, I don't know but for the fun of the thing I wouldn't like it. Just fancy me in a situation! My eye, wouldn't I look after the silver spoons! But the worst is," said Tabby gravely, "they'd want a character, and I'd have to get my party in the morning the day I went to look for that."

"I don't know that people always want characters; do you think they do?" asked Janet wistfully. "I thought perhaps somebody might take us, just out of charity perhaps——"

"Oh, bother charity!" exclaimed Tabby, scornfully. "I ain't a-going nowhere on them terms. If you knowed of a nice family now, as would like a couple young boys to look clean plate, and make herself generally useful in the pantry, I might p'raps think o'that; but as for getting took out o' charity——!" And Tabby broke off her sentence with a whistle, finding words unequal to express the contempt with which she regarded such a prospect.

Before Janet had been a day in Tabby's company the poor little shrinking, timid child had been forced by her bold companion to make her first attempt at begging.

"You can offer that woman and ask her for a penny," said Tabby suddenly, after they had been for an hour in the streets together, nudging Janet's elbow, and speaking in a quick whisper, as a young woman passed them with a market-basket on her arm.

"Oh, I can't!" cried Janet, flushing scarlet, and drawing back; and then, before she knew what was coming, Tabby had given her a cuff on the side of the head.

"What do you mean by saying that you can't? Do you think you won't have to?" cried Tabby furiously.

"Oh, I don't know! I don't know how I can!" said poor Janet.

"You'll have to learn then," retorted Tabby, with the most cutting contempt. "You've lost this chance; it ain't no good now; but if you don't go after the next one as I tells you to——" And then Tabby gripped her companion's shoulder, and gave her a look that made Janet shake in her shoes. The poor little thing rested no more after that. When Tabby issued her next order she ran after the person whom Tabby told her to follow, and held out her hand, and tried to utter the words she had been told to speak. "Please, will you give me a penny?" was the sentence she had been ordered to say, but it stuck in her throat and she could not say it. Of course, the lady whom she was following understood what the little stretched-out hand meant, and she turned round to her, and shook her head, and said she had nothing to give her.

"You shouldn't beg in the streets; if you do, the policeman will take you up," she said severely; and then looking at her and noticing the ashamed look and pleading face she gave her a penny and passed on her way.

"Well," said Tabby on her return, "did you get anything?"

"Yes," said Janet, the words sticking in her throat, "I got a penny." She afterwards followed her companion, who kept on chattering, feeling as if every person in the street who passed her by must know the miserable thing that she had done.

But, of course, though she was so overwhelmed with shame after this first effort at begging, as time went on the poor child gradually got accustomed to beg. She never got to do it boldly, but she did get to do it without her heart beating and the color coming to her face, as it had done at first. If it was bad to beg, it was at least so much better to beg than to steal, and Janet had not cast in her lot with Tabby for many hours before she learned that, as long as she kept to that companionship, a choice between begging and stealing was the only choice she had.

As for Tabby, as I am afraid you guess, the bolder way of earning her livelihood was the one that *she* preferred.

"What's the use o' being sharp if you don't make use o' your sharpness?" she would say in the frankest way in the world. "I'd steal a deal more than I do if I'd the chance. I'd like to get into somebody's house—I would. I'd like to creep in at a winder; or, my eye, wouldn't I like to make a grab at one o' them jewellers'! Think o' getting both your hands full o' rings and broochies! Oh! don't it make your mouth water? But la, I'll never have such luck as that," Tabby would say with a sigh, as she thought of the glorious prizes of her profession that it would never fall to her to win.

I daresay you think that if Janet had been as good a child as she ought to be, she would not only have *thought* of running away from Tabby, but would really have done it when she found out what a bold little naughty thief and beggar Tabby was. But Janet did not run away. She had not courage enough to part herself from the only living creature who seemed willing to be a friend to her,—even though the companionship she clung to was nothing better than the companionship of a little street thief.

It was an odd thing to see these two children who were so unlike each other sitting side by side. They used to spend a large part of every day sitting on doorsteps, or under railway arches, or amongst the litter of new-built houses. It never seemed to occur to Tabby that the room in which they slept was a place in which to pass any portion of their waking time. They regularly turned out of doors as soon as they were up in the morning, and passed the whole day in the streets. All Tabby's occupation, you see, lay there; and all her pleasure lay there too. Even when the weather was bad, and it rained, she rarely proposed to Janet to go home. "I'd rather stop here than go in and have mother jawing at me—wouldn't you?" she would say; and, weary of the streets though she might be, Janet would agree with her with all her heart. Better to stay out and be wet to the skin six times a day than to go in and sit with Tabby's mother! "Oh, I don't mind the rain. We'll get under shelter somewhere," she soon got to answer Tabby quite readily and cheerfully.

(To be Continued.)

HENRY WILSON.

LATE VICE PRESIDENT, U. S.

Go back with me sixty years and more, to the little village of Farmington in New Hampshire, and I will give you a glimpse of the boy's early home—a rude, log-cabin like building, standing in the midst of a country, rough and rocky, and yielding but scanty harvest to the tillers of the soil. Every one in this region was poor, and Winthrop Colbath, the father of Henry Wilson, was no exception to the rule. With eight boys to be clothed and fed, no wonder that it took every penny of the day's earnings for the day's necessities; and each of the children must begin to take care of himself as early as possible. Of this family of boys Jeremiah Jones Colbath (better known to us as Henry Wilson) was the eldest; and at the age of ten years we find him apprenticed to a farmer, bound out, as the saying is, till he should reach the years of manhood. (When the late Vice-President was a candidate for the office, he told the story of his early struggles with poverty, in an address to laboring men: "I was born in poverty: Want sat by my cradle. I know what it is to ask a mother for bread when she has none to give. I left my house at ten years of age and served an apprenticeship of eleven years, receiving a month a school-day each year, and at the end of the eleven years of hard work, a yoke of oxen and six sheep which brought me eighty dollars. I never spent the amount of one dollar in money

from the time I was twenty-one years of age I know what it is to travel weary miles and ask my fellow-men to give me leave to toil.")

The boy's heart was penetrated with a desire for education, but the daily routine of farm-work afforded but little opportunity for school or study. The one school month of the year was so divided into days as to interfere as little as possible with the tasks of the boy, and for studying and reading he had to snatch moments which ought to have been given to sleep, and by the light of the blazing logs in the farmer's kitchen, he would pore over books and papers which he had access to, in the library of a benevolent friend. The first day of school the master marked for him a lesson in English grammar, a certain portion of which was to be committed to memory, the next day three weeks from the first, when storm or scarcity of farm-work privileged him to go again, he was called upon to recite. He began to repeat the lesson word for word, but did not stop at the mark. On and on he went until the master asked in amazement how much more he had learned. "The whole book," was his reply. Do you know many boys of ten years who have accomplished a task like this, after working hard, too, from the first to the last hour of daylight, whose finger, in odd minutes of time, when wind or rain stopped out-door occupations, were busy with numberless little duties to drive away idleness, as farmer Knight said?

The first cent our hero could call his own came to him as the hard-earned wages for a day of severe labor, spent in digging up the stump of a neighbor's tree, which persistently refused to leave its mother earth. This one cent was thoroughly earned, and taught him a lesson of patient perseverance, worth more to him than thousands of dollars. During his eleven years of incessant toil, this aspiring boy read nearly a thousand volumes, and what he read he remembered, storing away in his hungry brain facts for future use, bits of history and biography and a thousand other things, all of which served him faithfully in after years. No amount of walking did he begrudge that would secure him the reading of a coveted book. When he was about fifteen years old, Marshall's Life of Washington was published, and the newspaper criticisms so aroused his curiosity that he determined at any cost to read the book. But his native village could not boast of its possession, and to obtain it from Rochester the next town, seven miles distant, would call for two long walks of fourteen miles each, after dark when the day's work was done. But he thought it was worth the trouble and he took it. You may be sure that book was not lightly skimmed over, but its solid substance was digested and added the stimulus of its strength to the evergrowing desire for knowledge which burned in the boy's breast. Among the volumes which he read was the life of one Henry Wilson whose character so deeply impressed his boyish mind that he determined to be known by the same name when he arrived at man's estate. And he carried out his resolve. At twenty-one Jeremiah Jones Colbath, the farmer's apprentice, became by act of legislature, Henry Wilson, the independent young man, with ambition boiling and surging in his blood, and intelligence and energy spurring him on to great achievements. His whole worldly estate amounted to less than one hundred and fifty dollars; but he was not afraid to work. The glow of health was on his cheek, the strength of manhood in his arm, and the unconquerable impulse toward education and usefulness and honor, which he phrased as a desire "to get ahead in the world," urged him up the hill difficulty, past the lions of disappointment and discouragement to the summit of his hopes.

We next find him in the town of Natick in Massachusetts, having accomplished every step of the journey of one hundred miles on foot. Giving his energies to the trade of shoemaking, he amassed a little sum of dollars, enough to entitle him to the privilege of a course of study preparatory to entering college, a goal which he kept ever before him. A few terms of schooling, interspersed with teaching in the winter, were all he could afford, for by the failure of a friend to whom his money was loaned, he became penniless, and was obliged to return to his bench and relinquish all hope of a thorough collegiate course. But though baffled in this wish, he was nothing daunted in his pursuit of knowledge, but eagerly seized every opportunity to improve his mind. In Natick there were a number of young men, intelligent, studious, ambitious, and to this circle young Wilson was admitted, and with them formed the "Young Men's Debating Society," in whose meetings in the district school-house were discovered and developed those powers of argument which so marked the future Senator and Vice-President.

Business meanwhile was not neglected, the young debator often sitting up all night, disturbing the slumbers of his neighbors with the ceaseless tick-tack of his hammer, that he might make up for lost time. His course was upward and onward. Truth and honesty marked his character. He could not argue on the wrong side, he must always have a deep conviction of the right of an object before he could be persuaded to enlist his powers in its defence. Intemperance found in him an avowed enemy; slavery quailed before the masterly blows of his tongue and pen, every good measure was sure of his active support, and the oppressed and unfortunate, of his friendly sympathy and help. His townsmen recognized his fitness for political prominence, and sent him to represent Natick in the legislative halls of the State. This was but the first step on the political ladder which landed him in the chair of the second office of our republic. The "Natick cobbler" became the successor, in the United States Senate, of Edward Everett, the polished orator and scholar, and as colleague of Charles Sumner, the fearless and eloquent upholder of human rights, he reflected honor upon himself and country. His public life is an open book before us, there are no stains of corruption to mar its purity, and as we look back upon the career which is now ended, we are filled with admiration and amazement at the amount of work accomplished by the manly energy and noble perseverance of him whom the nation mourns.

A higher power than his indomitable will bore the boy and man onward in his course of honor, inspired the hunger and thirst for knowledge which could not be satisfied, and watched and guided the upward steps, from obscurity and ignorance, to usefulness and distinction. God was training the boy in the school of poverty and toil for his great life work, and in later years the man recognized the guiding power, and avowed himself to be on the side of Christ, the great Captain whose love and care had been with him during all his life.—*Christian Mirror.*

THE LESSON AT HOME.

BY MARY P. HALE.

"It is lesson-night—don't go till after tea," said a little friend, with whose parents I had recently become acquainted, and on whose mother I was making a call.

"Lesson-night! And what do you do, Dora?" I asked.

"Oh, we have little stories and Bible texts, and pa explains things; and it's so nice. But we all bring something, and Ida—that's my older sister—calls it a lesson-picnic. Even Dot, the darling, says a little verse. Do stay," urged Dora.

And being cordially solicited by Mrs. W——, my young friend's mother, I remained. Indeed, a Sunday-school lesson, studied at home by parents and children, is so rare a thing in these busy days that I felt very desirous to see how it was conducted in this family. For in all my visits, I had observed a remarkably kind demeanor between the various members, and was disposed to think the Bible-lessons were studied with some good results.

The evening meal being over, all who could read took a Bible, while Ida, seating herself at the melodeon, commenced a hymn, in the singing of which all joined. It was about the child Samuel, and that was the subject of the lesson. The father read the passage from the Bible, slowly and in an impressive manner. He then said, "Now let each one give something which they have learned in regard to the lesson or repeat a text."

Dot then said her verse, in baby accents, "The child did minister unto the Lord."

"What is minister, my little one?" asked her father.

"Doin' thin's for mamma, and papa, too, I dess." Then climbing into her mother's lap and nestling her curly head in her bosom she added, "And for the dood Papa in heaven."

"The child has caught the spirit of the text," said Mr. W——, "Now, Archie"

Archie, the five-year old boy, said, "There was another little boy who went into the temple, who never was naughty too. But he did not live there like Samuel. And he was always good, just as good as can be. It was Jesus."

"Oh, please, papa, that was mine," said little Dora. "But never mind, Archie dear, you did say that so nice. I'll say two verses. 'And Samuel grew and the Lord was with him, and did let none of his words fall to the ground.' 'And Jesus increased in wisdom and stature and in favor with God and man.'"

"Very well said, little daughter," remarked Mr. W——. To which Dora replied, "Oh! but, papa, I did not find them myself. Mamma found them, but when we talked over the lesson with her, I wanted to tell that which Archie just said."

After some remarks by Mr. W——, an older boy alluded to the fact that Samuel rose immediately upon being called, each time, showing his readiness to obey. He added, "I should think the sons of Eli would have felt reproved by Samuel's attention to their father."

Mr. W——made some reply, and then Ida gave a brief statement of the duties of the high priest, and in what manner Samuel probably aided him. And as a further help, Mrs. W——showed a picture of the sacred furniture in the holy place, calling to mind some things which had been learned in previous lessons.

It was an unconstrained, familiar exercise, the father taking notice of each child's part by some fitting response or question. And when each one had spoken, all continued to talk or ask questions upon the subjects of the lesson. A brief appropriate story was usually told for the benefit of the younger ones.

"Nothing helps better to familiarize our minds with Scripture truth in my opinion," said Mr. W——, "than this studying the less a together. And we think it has a good influence upon the daily life of both parents and children."—*S. S. Times.*

PREACHING ON THE LESSON.

Some of our ministers, we are happy to say, have been adopting the practice of preaching upon the Sunday-school lesson. The effect of this, so far as we have had the opportunity of learning, has been admirable. Not only do the children, even very young children, take an intelligent interest in the sermon,—something that is frequently very hard to awaken—but the adults take a greater interest in the Sunday-school. The lessons for the year—the story of Saul, David, and Solomon, a selection from the books of Proverbs and Ecclesiastes—and the account of the planting of the early Christian Church, are full of interest and instruction. The consecutive exposition from the pulpit of connected portions of Scripture will tend to cultivate a more intelligent and accurate home-study of the Bible by all the family, old and young. Thus will be more fully realized than is often the case, the ideal of "the Church in the house," and the inspired command concerning the divine oracles will be more strictly obeyed. "And thou shalt teach them diligently unto thy children, and thou shalt talk of them when thou sittest in thine house, and when thou walkest by the way, and when thou liest down, and when thou risest up."

Another beneficial effect that preaching on the lesson, either at one of the regular Sunday services,—the morning service would be the better one, or on the week evening would be that the whole Church would become as it were a large Bible class, that thought and industry would be stimulated to the study of the Book of books, that a more intelligent type of piety would prevail in the pews, and that both congregation and Sunday-school would be greatly benefited and blessed thereby. The children, who too generally are seldom seen at the public services, would form a large and deeply interested portion of the congregation, and many adult members of the congregation would find their way into the higher classes of the Sunday-school. Instead of our grown up boys and girls feeling that they were too big for the school, and so drifting off to worldly amusements and Sabbath desecration, they would find the sacred study present such attractions for even the most mature minds that they would be unwilling to tear themselves away. Instances are not wanting even now of men and women who have grown grey in the Sunday-school, and they would become still more common.—*S. S. Banner.*

THE CHILDREN AT CHURCH.

The question as to the best method of securing to children the fullest advantages of sanctuary services is still an open one. Some advocate separate services for the children—a kind of primary-class sanctuary service, carried on for the little ones at the same time their parents are being provided for, but in another room, and with exercises suited to their tastes and comprehension. These services are more common in England than in America. Others insist that children should be made to attend the ordinary public services of worship and preaching whether they like them, and understand anything that they hear there, or not. Yet others would have the children's presence expected and recognized by the minister, he remembering them in his prayers, in the hymns, and in his Bible reading, and saying something specially to them in the course of his sermon. And so the discussion and comparison of ways of working for the children in the sanctuary goes on. And it is a great deal better to try to learn and to do what is best in the line of wise provision for the children at the sanctuary than to merely complain of their lack of attendance there. A correspondent from Washington, D. C., has these timely suggestions on the point in question: "In order to make it desirable to have young children at the church service, two things, at least, are necessary: First, Patience on the part of older attendants on divine worship, in not allowing themselves to be disturbed by a restless child, or in refraining from any frowning look at the parents of one, when they are disturbed. Secondly, A sermon that in the course of its reasoning will take up the children into its widely extended arms, put some thoughts within the grasp of their young minds, and plant some seed in their loving hearts to take root and grow. Have you not watched a child with eyes glistening, head outstretched, mouth open, trying to take in the sermon, finally giving up in despair, dropping the little head and going to sleep? Perhaps if you have not seen this in a young child, you may have in an older one, even one grown to mature manhood."—*S. S. Times.*

STUMBLING BLOCKS REMOVED.

I have made up my mind to be a Christian but am not quite ready.

Boast not thyself of to-morrow, for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth (Prov. 27:1).

Therefore be ye also ready, for in such an hour as ye think not, the Son of man cometh (Matt. 24:44).

Quench not the Spirit (1 Thes. 5:19).

Behold, now is the accepted time, behold, now is the day of salvation (2 Cor. 6:2).

I will be a Christian *some day*—(any reservation is fatal).

So likewise, whosoever he be of you that forsaketh not all that he hath, he cannot be my disciple (Luke 14:33).

Whosoever therefore will be a friend of the world is the enemy of God (James 4:4).

I don't know where I am. Almost distracted. Don't know whether I believe anything. What shall I do?

If any man will do his will, he shall know of the doctrine, whether it be of God, or whether I speak of myself (John 7:17).

Then said they unto him, What shall we do, that we might work the works of God? Jesus answered and said unto them, This is the work of God, that ye believe on him whom he hath sent (John 6:28, 29).

As soon as Jesus heard the word that was spoken, he saith unto the ruler of the synagogue, Be not afraid, only believe (Mark 5:36).

I do not see how to come.

And by him all that believe are justified from all things, from which ye could not be justified by the law of Moses (Acts 13:39).

That if thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thy heart that God hath raised him from the dead, thou shalt be saved (Rom. 10:9).

He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life; and he that believeth not the Son shall not see life, but the wrath of God abideth on him (John 3:36). Prodigal son (Luke 15).

How can I know whether I am saved?

Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that heareth my word, and believeth on him that sent me, hath everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation; but is passed from death unto life (John 5:24).

We know that we have passed from death unto life, because we love the brethren. He that loveth not his brother abideth in death (1 John 3:14).

And he that keepeth his commandments, dwelleth in him, and he in him. And hereby we know that he abideth in us, by the Spirit which he hath given us (1 John 3:24).

How is it that Christ's death can avail for my sins?

He hath made him to be sin for us, who knew no sin, that we might be made the righteousness of God in him (2 Cor. 5:21).

Christ hath redeemed us from the curse of the law, being made a curse for us; for it is written, Cursed is every one that hangeth on a tree (Gal. 3:13).

Who his own self bare our sins in his own body on the tree, that we, being dead to sins, should live unto righteousness; by whose stripes ye were healed (1 Peter 2:24).—*Ralph Wells.*

The Furnace of Affliction.—One of the Covenanters asked a poor widow in Clydesdale how she did in this evil time? "I do very well," says she, "I get more good of one verse of the Bible now than I did of it all lang syne. He hath cast me the keys of the pantry door now, and bidden me take my fill."

—The officers of the Harvard University have lately kept a record of the parentage of the students, from which some interesting facts are to be ascertained. Merchants and shopkeepers send to the college about half her students. Lawyers send liberally and clergymen hardly so well. Among the classes of parents that do not send at all are sea-captains, railroad men, hotel-keepers, artists, and literary men. Artists and architects have only contributed three students in six years, and editors, authors, and publishers have done little better.

—Some persons wish to live the Christian life in a secret way. They fear conspicuity and prominence. But we doubt whether they will fear these things when the saints come into sweet remembrance before God. The world may not recognize their piety, but God may not recognize it either. It may be so carefully hidden as even to escape His omniscience.

—Great talent for conversation should be accompanied with great politeness. He who eclipses others owes them great civilities, and whatever mistaken vanity may tell us, it is better to please in conversation than to shine in it.

SCHOLAR'S NOTES.

(From the International Lessons for 1876 by Edwin W. Rice, as issued by American Sunday School Union.)

CONNECTED HISTORY.—The Council, with threats, ordered the apostles to speak no more of Jesus; they return to the disciples, and unitedly present the threats before God and pray for boldness the Church is increased

LESSON VIII.

MAY 21.]

CHRISTIAN FELLOWSHIP. [About 30 to 33 A. D.]

READ Acts iv. 23-37. RECITE vs. 31, 33

GOLDEN TEXT.—We, being many, are one body in Christ, and every one members, one of another.—Rom. xii. 5

CENTRAL TRUTH Christ is the centre of union.

DAILY READINGS.—*M.*—Acts iv. 23-33. *T.*—Isa. xxxvii. 14-18. *W.*—Ps. ii. 1-12. *Th.*—Isa. ii. 4-10. *F.*—Rom. xv. 1-21. *Sa.*—Gal. vi. 2-18. *S.*—1 Thess. ii. 2-16.

TO THE SCHOLAR.—Notice that the apostles, under the severe threats of the Jews, seek God in united prayer and receive an immediate answer. What a wise example for us when tempted or in perplexity!

NOTES.—*Herod.* Six Herods are alluded to in the New Testament; probably it here refers to "Herod the Great," who ordered the slaughter of the young children (Matt. ii. 16), or his son, "Herod Antipas," who beheaded John, or possibly to both. *Gentiles.*—All not Jews were called Gentiles. *Joses*, or "Joseph" (Jehovah helps), his new name, *Barnabas*, literally means "son of prophecy," or "exhortation;" he became a companion of Paul after having introduced him to the apostles. At Antioch he had a dispute with Paul, parted from him, sailing with Mark for Cyprus, and is not again noticed in Scripture. *Levite*, son of Levi. The Levites had no share in the division of Canaan, but aided the priests in the temple services and worship. *Cyprus*, an island in the Mediterranean Sea near the coast of Syria. It was very rich in precious stones, and very fruitful; its length 140 miles, breadth from 5 to 60 miles.

EXPLANATIONS AND QUESTIONS.

Lesson Topics.—(I.) CHRISTIANS UNITED IN PRAYER. (II.) UNITED IN WORKS.

I. CHRISTIANS UNITED IN PRAYER. (23.) **own company**, the other disciples; **reported all**—that is, the threats, the sentence (24.) **one accord**, all united in the prayer (Acts i. 14): **lift up**, they prayed to God, not to saints nor angels. (25.) **David hast said**, (Ps. ii. 1, 2): **heathen**, or "the nations," the Gentiles. **Christ**, or "anointed" (same word as in v. 26). **Gentiles**, or "nations" (same word in Greek as in v. 25). (28.) **behold**, look so as to deliver us. **boldness**, courage for God first sought. (30.) **by stretching**, or "while stretching forth" (31.) **place was shaken**. Acts ii. 2; iv. 16, 25.

I. Questions.—After the council's sentence whither did the apostles go? How fully did they state the threats? From whom did the disciples seek counsel and help? How? Who had foretold these times? State the four forces which had sought to destroy Jesus. For what did the disciples first ask? v. 29. How did they ask to be sustained? v. 30. How was their prayer answered? v. 31.

II. UNITED IN WORKS. (32.) **one heart**, were agreed, united; **might**, any; **said . . . his own**, it was legally theirs, but not so claimed. (33.) **great power**, through the Spirit; **great grace**, great favor from God, or great favor with the people, not "Christian graces." (34.) **lacked**, had no needful food or money. (35.) **distribution**, the money was given out by the apostles or as they directed. (36.) **consolation**, or prophecy. (See Notes.)

II. Questions.—What is said of the number of the believers at this time? v. 32. How many were converted by the two sermons of Peter? See Acts ii. 41; iv. 4. How did they hold their property? What power was given to the apostles? What is meant by "great grace"? Why were none of the Christians in want? How were the needy provided for? What Christian is spoken of by name in v. 36? By whom was he called Barnabas? What does the name mean? See Notes. Where was he from? Of what tribe was he? What was the work given to the Levites? What act of his is noted? For whom are we to hold our possessions?

What facts in this lesson teach us:
(1.) To spread our troubles before the Lord?
(2.) The power of united prayer?
(3.) The true way to gain boldness in Christian work?
(4.) The liberality of early Christians?
(5.) The true way for us to use all our property?

Illustration.—*Christian fellowship.* Fellowship of souls does not come of nearness of persons alone. There are millions who live in close contact—dwell under the same roof, eat at the same table, work in the same shop—whose souls are as far asunder as the poles. And there are those separated by ocean and continents, even by the mysterious gulf that divides time from eternity, between whom there is constant intercourse and delightful fellowship.—*Dr. Thomas.*

Prayer. Prayer pulls the rope below, and the great bell rings above in the ears of God. Some scarcely stir the bell, for they pray so languidly; others give but an occasional pluck at the rope; but he who wins with heaven is the man who grasps the rope boldly, and pulls continuously with all his might.—*Spurgeon's Feathers for Arrows.*

Priests,
Rulers,
Powers of earth,
Prince of evil,

AGAINST

Persecuted Christians
Praying together,
Possessing
Power of the Holy Ghost,
Property in common,
Provision for every want.

GREAT POWER = GREAT GRACE

CONNECTED HISTORY.—In the time of peace and power which followed the first arrest and discharge of the apostles, Ananias and Sapphira were struck dead for lying.

LESSON IX

MAY 28.]

LYING UNTO GOD. (About 30 to 33 A.D.)

READ Acts v. 1-11.—RECITE vs. 3, 10

GOLDEN TEXT.—Thou hast not lied unto men, but unto God.—Acts v. 4.

CENTRAL TRUTH. The heart is deceitful

DAILY READINGS.—*M.*—Acts v. 1-11. *T.*—Prov. x. 1-20. *W.*—Jer. x. 1-11. *Th.*—Matt. xxvi. 14-50. *F.*—Heb. ix. 8-28. *Sa.*—Acts viii. 9-25. *S.*—Acts xix. 1-20.

TO THE SCHOLAR.—A lesson of warning against the common sin of lying. Remember that all lying is sin against God.

NOTES.—*Ananias*, Greek for "Hananiah" ("*mercy of God.*") Nothing is known of him except from this account. *Sapphira* ("*beautiful*"), from the precious stone sapphire. The disciples were not compelled to sell their land or possessions; this was a voluntary act of love. Ananias, by giving a part, pretended to give all, and wished to get the credit of holy love and zeal, and of giving the whole, while selfishly keeping one portion for himself. It was deceiving the apostles and a lie to God. *Satan*—that is, "enemy," the great tempter and enemy of man, the devil. Job i. 6; Matt. iv. 1.

EXPLANATIONS AND QUESTIONS.

Lesson Topics.—(I.) THE LIE. (II.) THE PUNISHMENT.

I. THE LIE. (1.) **sold**, of their own will, **possession**, field, estate. (2.) **kept back**, they might have kept all, but they pretended to give all; **privy**, also knew of and agreed to the deception; **certain part**, how large a portion they gave is not stated. (3.) **lie . . . Holy Ghost**, to deceive the Holy Ghost. (4.) **not thine . . . thine own power**—that is, you were not compelled to sell it, nor to give it; **conceived . . . in thine heart**, in v. 3, it is said, 'Satan filled thine heart,' here "thou," etc. In all sin, Satan and the sinner agree

I. Questions.—Give the title of this lesson. The names of those who told the lie. What did they sell? How much did they bring of the price? How much did they profess to bring? Who brought the money to Peter? Who knew that he was to bring only part of the price? Why was the price of the land in their "own power"? Who is said to have prompted the sin? v. 3. Whose was the sin? v. 4. How did Sapphira repeat the lie? v. 8.

II. THE PUNISHMENT. (5.) **fell down**, a judgment from God; **gave up the ghost**, or "spirit"—that is, died; **great fear**, Ps. iv. 5. (6.) **wound . . . up**, as usual for burial. **buried him**, in hot countries east they usually bury on the day of the death, often within three or four hours after death. (7.) **not knowing** the wife knew not of Ananias's death and burial. (8.) **so much**, the sum Ananias paid in; **yea, for so much**, a plain, bold lie. (9.) **how is it? why is it? to tempt**, to try to deceive. (10.) **straightway** instantly; **at his feet**, where the money they had lied about lay; **by her husband**, united in sin and in death.

II. Questions.—What followed Peter's reproof of Ananias? What effect did his sudden death have on all? By whom was he buried? How soon after death? How long after this did his wife come in? What did Peter ask her? State how he rebuked her. What followed his rebuke? How was she buried? What effect did this event have on the Church? What upon all who heard of it? What does this teach us as to God's hatred of lying? What does it teach us as to the danger of this sin?

Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and he shall sustain thee.

Psa. 55, 22.

TEMPERANCE TEXTS.—The silence of our Sabbath-school officers and our Sabbath-school instruction upon this subject at a time when it is so much agitated, has seemed most surprising. Some among the young, while still under its blessed teachings, are learning to know the taste of wine and listen to the syren song of the tempter, and are graduating from the Sabbath-school to the saloon and the dram-shop. It is true they have Sunday-school books that show in pathetic story the dreadful evils that follow drinking, but these they laugh at and say: "They are only made-up stories." But such texts as these: "Who hath woe? Who hath sorrow? Who hath redness of the eyes? They that tarry long at the wine; they that go to seek mixed wine. Look not upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth its color in the cup, when it moveth itself aright; at the last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder." These texts, and similar ones, could not fail to harmonize with any series of prepared lessons. Learned and recited in concert, they might in some future hour of temptation come with their voice of warning and steal o'er the senses, like the far-off booming of the minute-gun at sea, and save from a fate more appalling than that of the ship-wrecked mariner.—*Crusader.*

"JANET MASON'S TROUBLES."—Our readers who have taken an interest in Janet Mason's troubles will find that they are continued in small type on the sixth page. This change has been made to bring them to an end more quickly than otherwise would be the case. We hope that "Miss Green's Present" may be enjoyed by all our readers, old and young.

—It may not be considered presumptuous to quote the following from a letter by Rev. John McKillican, to Mr. William J. Patterson, Secretary to the "WITNESS Testimonial Fund." Since the origination of that movement there have been received many expressions of sympathy and assurances, which show that the MESSENGER and its companion papers have not been published in vain, but Mr. McKillican, who has spent several years travelling in the newer sections of the country, opens a field of usefulness so extensive as to require every exertion to fill it, and so varied that it would seem next to impossible to fulfil all the conditions necessary to do it justice. Mr. McKillican's letter informs us that something has been done to accomplish what is our greatest desire. In our efforts to advance the cause of religion, temperance and morality we have been greatly aided and encouraged by many kind friends, who also have these objects at heart, and for their assistance we return them thanks, and hope that it may be continued in future, for at no time was it more needed than now. The extract referred to is as follows:—

I am unable fully to express my conviction of the incalculable good being effected by the Montreal WITNESS and through Sabbath-schools by the MESSENGER. These papers have brought light and blessing to many a humble home in the woods, far beyond the stated labors of any pastor or missionary. Mothers and young scholars most capable of so doing have frequently been known to prove instructors of the entire family by reading aloud from the pages of the WITNESS, thus improving Sabbath hours when there was no preaching service near. It has proved, in the circumstances indicated, a comforter to many an aged Christian, and by the Divine blessing has awakened many a thoughtless youth to the higher aims and motives of Christian life. It has elevated the moral tone of whole settlements where it was generally read, bringing its readers into more beneficial and intelligent acquaintance with each other and sympathy with the great moral and religious enterprises of the day.

Let me say also that the WITNESS has served another noble purpose in rendering the homes of many of its rural readers more comfortable. It has brought moral and natural sunlight into many a dingy, unhealthy dwelling and chamber. It has tended to render not a few sleeping apartments places of refreshing rest for a night, instead of scenes of discomfort.

That view of the matter aside, the WITNESS has stirred up many a Christian to work who had been long idle. It has awakened an interest in the welfare of the children. It has cheered the Sabbath-school teacher, amid his difficulties and discouragements. I may safely say of some places that a generation is rising up who will, through their whole lives and beyond time, bless God for the varied and profitable instruction derived from the "Montreal WITNESS."

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I. We offer the following prizes to the persons who mail us the largest amounts for all the publications on or before AUGUST 15th, 1876:

For largest amount.			1st prize,	$20
For second largest amount,			2nd do	15
For third	do	do	3rd do	12
For fourth	do	do	4th do	10
For fifth	do	do	5th do	8
For sixth	do	do	6th do	7
For seventh	do	do	7th do	6
For eighth	do	do	8th do	5
For ninth	do	do	9th do	4
For tenth	do	do	10th do	1

II. We want this year to introduce the NEW DOMINION MONTHLY everywhere, and will give an additional prize of $15 to the person who sends us the largest amount in subscriptions to this magazine during the time above stated, whether they compete for the other prizes or not. All the subscriptions for this prize count in the other as well.

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MAY.

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